

The Panel

CHAIR

We're through here, Sergeant. Thank you. Can you handle that door okay? Apparently not. Oops, spoke too soon.

Well, I know what I think. Like to know what you two...?

MEMBER 1

Excruciating! One word comes out and you can go get a sandwich waiting for the next.

MEMBER 2

Nothing really explains it! Unless he's faking.

CHAIR

Lemme rustle his papers again. Yeah. Okay. Fifth roadside bomb.

MEMBER 1

He was pushing his luck. Even in the war zone you don't have to be a completely foolish risk-taker.

MEMBER 2

I think you're both looking for an answer in all the wrong places. Maybe he's just dumb. Where's he from? One of the dumb states?

CHAIR

Go easy there! Party counts on them! Anyway this is a no-brainer. But hundred-percent disability is out of the question. We've been told that.

MEMBER 1

He asked for that?

CHAIR

Well, paper written in his third-grade hand did.

MEMBER 1

Not a chance!

CHAIR

Then what would you go for?

MEMBER 1

Forty.

MEMBER 2

Uh uh. Not me. He can get on the town garbage truck after discharge. The other guys'll help him out.

CHAIR

I see a consensus on twenty. And thus I write it down and thus-ssss... also...you two sign. Uh huh. Thank you! Next is that lady Marine Captain. The dyke. I'm not up for her. She'll have to return tomorrow.

MEMBER 2

Have you thought about...?

CHAIR

Of course. And I feel I'm speaking for our highly intelligent member to my right also.

MEMBER 1

Where else?

CHAIR

We will henceforth open all sessions with The Pledge of Allegiance.

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